

Nimble and Quick. 18.

Pick and Chuse where you will.

Here is something to fit and please every Body.

CONTAINING

The Humours of the AGE,

BEING

Whimsical, Witty, Diverting, and Comical.

WITH

Useful Remarks on the VIRTUES and VICES
of the TIMES.



Printed and Sold at the Printing Office in Petticoat-Lane.

Nimble and Quick,

I Never think of a wife 'till I'm hungry, and then I look for a whore, in hope she will bring me to a morsel of bread.

I love strong-beer twice in the year, that is winter and summer.

I hate lawyers and liars, because they breed wrangling and jangling.

I would be a foldier, was there all plunder and no fighting.

I love a clergyman that practises what he preaches, for otherwise we must mind *what* he says, not *what* he does.

If ever I marry, I will have the ugliest Woman I can find, then I shall be sure to have her to myself.

Shew me a poet, a painter, and a quaker, and I'll shew you three liars.

Of all the men in the world, blind men walk the most upright: so they are the most charitable, for they never see their neighbours faults.

Of all people I pity whores, for they hazard soul and body for a bad living.

Was I a man in power i'd build almshouses for the rich, and maintain them at their own cost.

The greatest folly in the world, is to love the world.

In former days the world boasted of seven wise men, but now every man is wise in his own conceit; yet in my opinion, if some are wise, more are otherwise.

Of all callings, I hate quack-doctors, for if they do good, the world hears fast enough of it.

The greatest enemies whores have, are the French and small-pox, one spoils their faces, and the other their constitutions.

I hate riches for the danger that attends them.

I would not have my throat cut for a bushel of gold.

Ballad singers have the most honest trade in the world for your money. It is also an antient and honourable calling, for HOMER himself was one.

Sailors are the bravest and merriest fellows in the world, for they drink and dance when there is but an inch between them and their watery graves.

The astrologer is a wise man, he can tell future events, but not the man that cuckolds him, nor when.

It would puzzle a philosopher to give the preference to a chimney-sweeper, or a Tom-turdman, they are both such useful members of the community.

Tea and tobacco are pernicious weeds and grand thieves; they deserve hanging more than *highwaymen*, for they pick the pockets of the whole nation.

There are five great rarities hard to find: A black swan, a phoenix, a unicorn, the philosopher's stone, and a maid at sixteen.

If extortioners cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, where must *usurers*, *tallymen*, and *pawnbrokers* go?

By cards and dice men are soon ruin'd, for gaming has brought many to the gallows.

Soldiers and butchers are very near relations, they both live *by* killing and slaughter.

I never see a *taylor* but he puts me in mind of a cabbage. Nor a *millar* or a *weaver*, but I think of a thief.

Actors and apes are the greatest mimicks; it is hard to determine whether they are, or are not rational.

Good old women and good small beer are hard to be found, yet these are good in their kind.

What's the difference between ale-drappers and linen-drappers? Only this, one cheats you with froth, t'other with cloth.

There is one abominable thing, I cannot help reminding you off; that is, for neighbours to go to *law* about trifles, and so rob their children.

A sober virtuous wife boy is better than a vicious grey-headed old fool; so a living dog is better than a dead lion.

Number me the sands on the sea-shore and the stars in the sky, and I will number you the numberless faults of a lewd woman. Yet a virtuous woman is the pride of nature, and the glory of the universe; but where shall I find her?

Swearing and cursing is the language of hell, which people take care to learn before they go thither.

Beauty is the fairest flower in nature's garden: but who would doat on such a fading toy? yet I would oblige all young men to marry at the age of twenty-one: marry handsome women for their own sake, homely women for charity's sake.

I would constrain wealthy misers to marry poor women, rich maidens poor bachelors, purposely to bring the world on a level.

Could I dispose nature, hypocrites should have two faces, because, like watermen, look one way and row another.

If all men's faults were writ in their foreheads, what a scroll would appear!

To portion daughters and build ships are chargeable things, yet after all costs and pains, they prove leaky vessels.

Had I three sons, if one of them was a dunce, two should practise law and physic, and the other should be a parson.

There are five things wonderful swift: Fame, which like a snow-ball, gathers as it goes: a musquet-shot, that kill before you hear the report: the sight, that reaches the highest heavens in an instant: thought, that traverses the globe in a moment: and lightning, which kills the child in the Womb, and hurts not the mother, and melts Gold in a bag without singeing the Canvas.

Some say, That England is the garden of the world, but, as the king of France says, there's many bitter weeds in it: others say, it is the paradise of women, a purgatory for servants, and a hell for horses. We have the handsomest women in the World, I must own, and we give

them the greatest privileges, the honour of the wall, the third of our effects, and the like, yet they seldom requite us with any thing but a large pair of horns: and like the devil, the more you humour them the worse they are; give them an inch and they will take an ell.

But there is no general rule without an exception: *what* I speak of, is the bad humours of men, one story is good 'till another is told. In the mean time give me leave to speak my thoughts: Those that are good husbands, I believe make good Wives, and if they are bad, there are six of one, *and half a dozen* of the other. God mend us all.

And thus I've finish'd what I first propos'd,
And if I have more or less of truth disclos'd,
Then what you like, excuse me for this time,
'Tis need make old wives trot, and poets rhyme,
Therefore extend your halfpence if you please,
And I'll pray for you all my remaining days.

F I N I S.

